

# A POEM

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Episcopal Church, Derry, N. H.

September 8, 1922



Rev. J. G. MacMurphy



"By their fruits ye shall know them."

Seek no apology for thought,

That in a reminiscent mood,  
Recalls the wonders God has  
wrought;

The barren wilderness subdued,  
From bush and scraggy oak it bore,  
From fallen birches in decay,  
From thorns and brambles seen no  
**more**

Since former things are passed  
away.

With axe and saw, with fork and  
spade,

They gather on a summer's day,  
And clear the rubbish that is made,  
By fire and fagot where it lay;  
They contemplate a House of Prayer,  
In vision of God's dwelling-place,  
And ever-present cause of care,  
And ever **helpful** source of grace.

He was transfigured is the call,  
The modest chapel they erect,  
Substantial furniture install,  
Conventional ornaments affect;  
Some valued favors were preferred,  
The Altar for the Living Bread,  
A Lectern for His Holy Word,  
The Pulpit for the Message Pled.

Indeed Memorial gifts abound,  
Twelve fruitful years of labor  
pass.

One bronze memorial tablet found,  
With sculptured oak and polished  
brass.

The Church's honor roll is long,  
And many a worthy name is there,  
Remembered oft at Evensong,  
Included still at Morning Prayer.

The splendid Rectory is here,  
Comparing well with others  
known,

Affording comfort, homely cheer,  
To every Rector as his own;  
In shingle finish quite complete,  
With weather stain of sun and air,  
Verandas clad in verdant sheet,  
And creepers climbing every-  
where.

And not withholding more than  
meet,

They added yet a Parish House.  
Community of acts complete,  
That exultation will arouse.  
Here Guilds and Clubs may oft con-  
vene,  
And Choirs their Sunday Hymns  
review,

While Entertainments come be-

tween,  
With Ice Cream, Cake, or Oyster  
Stew.

Here pleasant walks and shading  
trees,  
With grassy lawns and clustering  
vine,  
Where fragrant flowers and honey  
bees  
With wealth of foliage combine;  
So rich a landscape garden means,  
They surely love and honor Him,  
Whose providence inspires these  
scenes,  
And sets the pace in Nature's  
Film.

One graver line of thought con-  
strains,  
In meditative mood to tell,  
The ideal purpose still obtains  
Of consecrating life as well;  
Unselfish as these pioneers,  
Make Holiness the main pursuit,  
And persevere till He appears,  
Who knows good living by its  
fruit.

There is a lone grave on the hill,  
Therein the dust of one who

served

This people at the Master's will,  
And never from his purpose  
swerved;

Look where you may, within, with-  
out,

You see some token of his art,  
Some traces of him roundabout,  
Some touches of his faithful  
heart.

And still one afterthought remains,  
From contemplation of our field,  
To fortify these early gains,  
And bring new energies to yield  
Important features to their  
strength;

Securing that already done,  
Advancing more until at length  
The everlasting peace is won.

If Paradise be perfect joy,  
And death does not our sense re-  
move,

We shall our faculties employ,  
And similar postulates improve;  
When we on earth would love to  
show

What here below we gladly see,  
Where lovingly we choose to go,  
All these and more in Heaven may  
be.





